HIDDEN BEAUTIES

BY HARVEY A. FULLER

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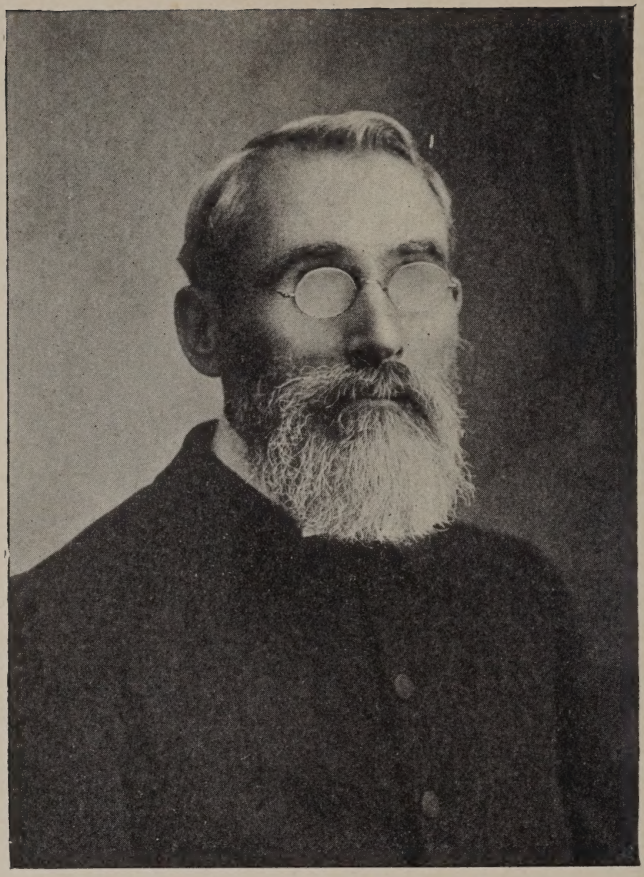

. . . . . Thus with the year,
Seasons return, but not to me returns
Day, or the sweet approach of even or morn,
Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,
Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine;
. . . . . .
So much the rather thou, celestial Light,
Shine inward, and the mind through all her powers
Irradiate; there plant eyes; all must from thence
Purge and disperse, that I may see and tell
Of things invisible to mortal sight.

JOHN MILTON,
(Paradise Lost, Bk. III.)

HIDDEN BEAUTIES

BY

HARVEY A. FULLER

AUTHOR, POET AND LECTURER

Graduate of Hillsdale College, Hillsdale, Michigan, and former student of New York City Institution for the Blind

WITH FOREWORD BY

PROF. HARRY S. MYERS, A.M., B.D.

General Secretary of the United Society of Free Baptist Young People

AND AN APPRECIATION BY

DR. KINGSBURY BACHELDER, A. M., L. H. D.

Greek Department, Hillsdale College

INTRODUCTIONS BY

JOSEPH W. MAUCK

President of Hillsdale College

AND

MISS FANNY CROSBY

Author of "Rescue the Perishing," "Pass Me Not, O, Gentle Savior," and many other Gospel Songs in popular use

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HILLSDALE, MICHIGAN

1905

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BY HARVEY A. FULLER.

JOYOUSLY DEDICATED TO

MY POET FRIEND,

WILL CARLETON:

WHOSE UNFAILING KINDNESS

HAS REVEALED MANY

HIDDEN BEAUTIES "WHERE DARK

SHADOWS PLAY".

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FOREWORD.

Mr. Harvey A. Fuller was born in Jefferson County, New York, November 1. 1834. He went with his father and step-mother into Ohio at the age of five, and in due time entered the public schools of Akron. He had completed the necessary work to become a rural school-teacher, when an accident caused the loss of his eyes.

He was soon appointed to the New York City School for the Blind, where he remained for the five years' course of study. Miss Fanny Crosby was one of his teachers. She celebrated her eightyfifth birthday March 24, 1905, and has contributed over eight thousand hymns to our Christian literature.

After completing this course of study, Mr. Fuller entered the regular college course in Hillsdale College,

Hillsdale, Mich. He was graduated in 1868, having been assisted in his work by the other students, who read to him.

Since graduation he has lectured, written music, published books, and written occasional poems for publication in various papers and magazines.

"Hidden Beauties" is his latest effort. Much of it was composed while he was in bed, suffering from injuries. It now goes forth, with the best wishes of his multitude of friends.

HARRY S. MYERS, A. M., B. D., Pd. B.,
General Secretary of
United Society of Free Baptist
Young People.

AN APPRECIATION.

My Dear Mr. Fuller:

Your hidden beauties are not all within this little book. In your own soul they are, and are too many for so small a volume. They have been unfolding from year to year within your life. They are discerned by your friends, and are known to be the substance of poetic life. Your gentleness and patience, cheerfulness and hope, balance of spirit, and kindness of soul, are the real veritus of hidden beauty.

Your friends now say to this little book, "Go, little book, serve your readers; be useful to them; tell them of the author's kind wishes and genial spirit, his hope and good cheer; tell them how useful is a gentle friend, and how excellent is the life that lives in open heart and sings with friendly cheer."

Kingsbury Bachelder, A. M., L. H. D.
Greek Department,
Hillsdale College.

INTRODUCTION.

DEAR FRIEND FULLER:

For more than thirty years it has been my privilege to grasp your arm on campus and street, and walk in your way or turn you to mine; to listen to you in your public lectures; to serve as eyes for fitting copy for printers of your books, which have brought hope and inspiration to thousands; and to be blessed with an intimacy which justified free salutations by your first name. Now comes an invitation to lay off these joyous ties, and adopt for a time a reserve suitable to the writing of a formal introduction to a book. Habits of mind and heart which have had a grip for a third of a century, are not so easily changed. How could any one of the many friends who have enjoyed such intimacy write formally about Harvey Fuller?

The great family of Hillsdale College, of which you have been a loved member during the greater part of your three score and ten, will rejoice, as your book goes out on its mission of blessing. Your patience, self-reliance, extraordinary physical and intellectual industry, and withal your abiding cheerfulness, expressing itself at so many points in sallies of wit, pun, and laughter, have admonished, reproved, inspired, and cheered hosts of men, women and children. Your consciousness that "the light that is in thee" has so widely served your fellows, has in some measure given you a sweet compensation for the bitter loss which closed your eyes of the flesh.

When the white-souled Fanny Crosby, the loving preceptress of your youth, and your faithful friend, said to us a few months ago: "I would not give the light which is in my soul, for the brightest pair of eyes before me," she added force to the lesson of love to the Father which your life has consistently pressed upon your friends. The spirit which you have manifested in your latest affliction has signally exalted the lesson. Resolved upon the publication of another book to entertain and edify others, and so to render full value for the contributions to your private fortune, you were so absorbed in the composition of one of the poems now in the press,

that you unwittingly wandered from your familiar haunts, and suffered that cruel fall which has imposed heavy physical infirmities for your remaining years. The first acute pain had not passed, when, with surprising fortitude, facing a tedious confinement to your bed, you resumed literary work and business plans for the book —so repeating with emphasis your old example of self-reliance, buoyancy, manly industry, and Christian faith. You gave new proof—though none was needed—that you richly merit the cordial and appreciative patronage of the reading public. No one can fail of a blessing from reading what has been written under such trying conditions, in a joyous spirit which in the closing lines to the Muse, spontaneously broke out in a jest.

It is "respectfully submitted" that a formal introduction could not add to the interest and value of these "Hidden Beauties." The author and the profound influences of his life are the most fitting introduction.

Fraternally Yours, JOSEPH W. MAUCK,
Hillsdale, Mich.

YOU AND I.

To Harvey A. Fuller, My Treasured Schoolmate:

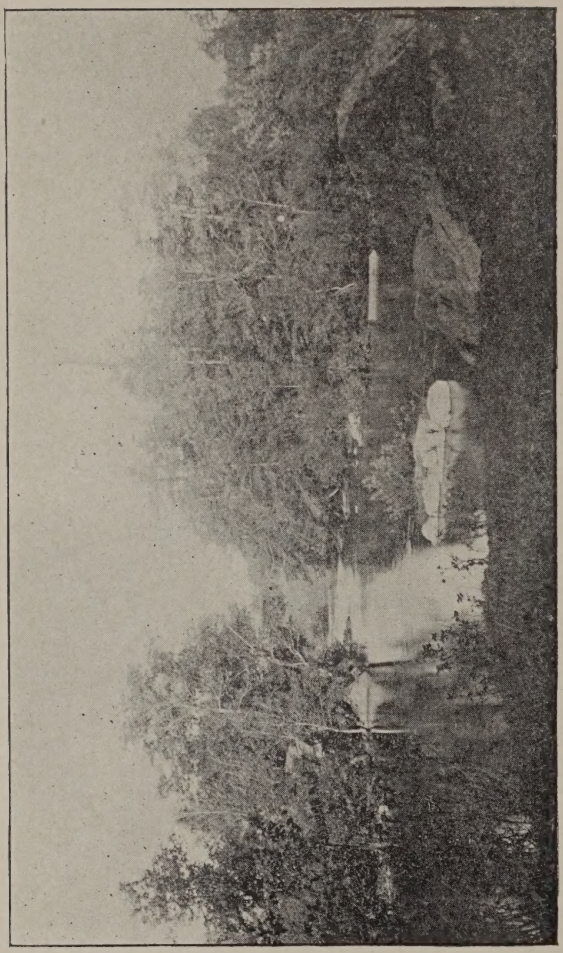
We were sitting in the twilight
Of a day that lingers yet;
Autumn leaves around us falling
Left a shadow of regret;

For a picture rose before us,
While the breeze came stealing by,
Of the years when we were schoolmates,
Happy schoolmates, you and I.

Oh, the music, love and friendship,
In that rural home of ours,
Where we climbed the hill of science,
And the path was strewn with flowers!
And the Muse from old Parnassus
On her pinions bade us fly:
And at eve we sang together
Songs of gladness, you and I.

Life has brought us many changes—
We have passed through waters deep:
But the voice of our Creator
Lulled the stormy waves to sleep.
On the clouds we read His promise,
In the bow that spanned the sky;
In that promise we are trusting,
Firmly trusting, you and I.

Brother Harvey, treasured schoolmate,
Just a word before I close:
May your precious little volume
Sunshine bring where'er it goes;
And at last when all is over,
When to earth we say Good-bye,
"In the Christian's home in glory"
May we gather, you and I.



"THOUGH WANTON SUMMER TEMPT IT NE'ER SO MUCH."

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

The ministration of the Hidden Beauties is from its very nature phenomenal in its action, and by its unexpectedness translates us at once into the realm of ecstacy. It is like a traveller on the beaten highway when he catches a view of some flowery vale or daisy-flecked meadow, or an orchard of golden fruits, where art combines with nature to gratify by its varied gifts the eye and heart of the enraptured beholder.

We all know that the very doorways of life are hung round with flowery emblems of truth and beauty that vie in their loveliness with those that graced the garden bowers of the first parents of our race, and that these also bloom along the human pathway, unseen because of the stupidity of mankind, or because of a stronger view of the situation which overshadows them.

For instance, it is not a very uncommon phenomenon, that a person should stand gazing at a passing vehicle and never realize its presence. This shows not only that many things escape attention; but it shows also

that the real vision is not in the external or physical eye, nor even in the nerve which connects that beautiful organ with the brain, but in the mind itself, or the spirit

"SOME FLOWERY VALE OR DAISY-FLECKED MEADOW."

of understanding which is "the power behind the throne" and the most wonderful of all the Hidden Beauties as well.

And so it transpires that the blind see, notwithstanding the trite old jest, "I see", said the blind man, "I see clearly", with which thoughtless people amuse themselves; and the blind old woodsawyer, who, when complaining of his dull saw, had a right to say, "Of all the saws I ever saw saw, I never saw a saw saw as this saw saws."

In regard to this point of obstructiveness of vision, and the want of discernment of the object clearly in view, the great Charles Dickens incidentally writes, his character being a blind man addressing a widow: "There is the connubial blindness, ma'am, which perhaps you may have observed in the course of your own experience, and which is a kind of willful and self-bandaging blindness. There is the blindness of party, ma'am, and of public men, which is the blindness of a mad bull in the midst of a regiment of soldiers clothed in red. There is the blind confidence of youth, which is the blindness of kittens, whose eyes have not yet been opened on the world. And there is that physical blindness, ma'am, of which I am, contrary to my desire, a most illustrious example. Added to these, ma'am, is that blindness of the intellect, of which we have a specimen in your interesting son."

After all, there may be wrapped up in this variety of

"SAVE NOW AND THEN SOME GNARLY OAK."

vision, the Hidden Beauty of social convenience: which to some of us would be a blessing undisguised. As the old Indian said, if everybody saw alike, all the Indians would be after his squaw. Surely that would be a red-letter day for the redskins.

With all this, to the best perception, the view itself is as changeful as the individual moods which have been cited.

When the King of Day rides forth in his golden chariot of the skies, his glowing presence gives life and tone to every subject of his vast domain, save now and then some gnarly oak or croaking man, whose heart is never touched, "though wanton summer tempt it ne'er so much." Yet while Grim Darkness flees before the all-pervading light, the joyous sunshine drives into exile the fair Queen of Night and her virgin train; and it is only when His Majesty, the Sun, sinks behind the western hills, that the stars of evening creep from their hiding-places to assume their role in the brilliant coronet that decks the brow of heaven. "Orion wears his shining belt by day also, but night alone reveals it."

Thus we see that the rarest of nature's Hidden Beauties are brought to view only through the power of darkness and the shadow of the earth. May not it suggest to us that the shadows of human life contain in their

sombre folds the revelation of a purer, brighter and loftier sphere of existence than the sunshine of prosperity alone can produce? And the mind, being of all the Hidden Beauties the richest and best, why not bestow more care on its culture, and pay less attention to the sorrows and ills of physical life?

As the ancient philosopher told the celebrated blind teacher of Alexandria, as a reproof, when he bemoaned his loss of sight, "Let it not trouble thee that thou art in want of eyes, with which even flies and gnats can see, but rejoice that thou hast the eyes with which angels see; by which, too, God is beheld and His light received."

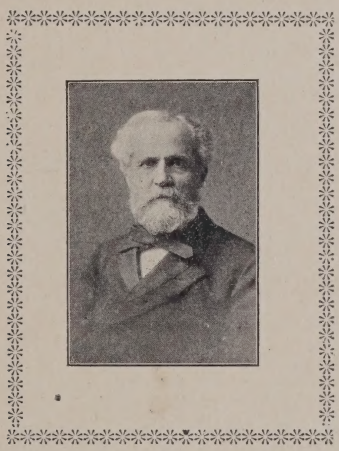
The things we behold through the natural eye shall melt away, but the Hidden Beauties of spiritual discernment are fadeless and eternal, for "beauty is in the seeing," as Emerson says.

Alas that selfishness and pride should blind mankind to its sacred relationships, and that so many gems of truth and beauty lie undiscovered, in the mad haste for that worldly prosperity which glitters on the surface of things!

HIDDEN BEAUTIES.

THE BEAUTY OF FRIENDSHIP.

Friendship is the only thing in the world concerning the usefulness of which all mankind are agreed."—CICERO.



(Dedicated to Chief-Justice J. B. Moore, of Michigan State Supreme Court.)

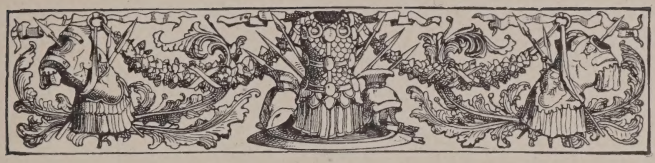
There is a power that some possess
To banish demons of distress,
To light blind eyes, to warm the heart,
And bid life's common ills depart.

Hidden Beauties.

A wondrous gift from nature given,
Born of earth, yet owned of heaven,
To speak the words and do the deeds
Through which alone the charm succeeds.

To climb above environments
That oft distrust one's best intents,
And still persist in spreading cheer,
Would seem true friendship's mission here.

In poor return for many a rift,
  In shadowy skies I dedicate
These lines, dear Judge; 'tis not the gift,
  But motive, you will estimate.



THE BEAUTY OF GIRLHOOD.

"In a garden there lived a beautiful maid,
As fair as the flowers of morn;
She was made a wife the first day of her life
And died before she was born."
—OUR GRANDMOTHER EVE.

M-y morning dream of beauty, Ruth,
I-s of a maiden fresh and fair,
S-uch as the cherubs love in truth,
S-ave when they envy gifts so rare.

R-uth, an acrostic would I write
U-pon your name, were I but sure
T-hat you would count it some delight,
H-ardly my pen can I endure.

M-uch would I like to sing your praise,
A-n angel's lyre would suit my theme.
U-nseen your spirit's genial rays
C-ommand rich pleasures where you deem.
K-ind Heaven bless thy girlhood days!

THE BEAUTY OF MISDIRECTED LOVE.

"Come into the garden, Maud,
For the black bat, night, has flown;
Come into the garden, Maud,
I am here at the gate alone;
And the woodbine spices are wafted abroad,
And the musk of the roses blown."

—ALFRED TENNYSON.

Dear Robert, though I may not hold
Your baby sister grown so old,

I'll hold her kind attention long,
And you shall sing the baby-song.

Perchance she'll love me just as well
As little girls do: Who can tell?
I am a favorite, I know,
With girls who haven't any beau.

And if this scheme should prove a fraud,
I'll get a dolly, name it Maud,
And rock and cuddle it to sleep,
And o'er it sweetest vigils keep.

Why should we mourn departed years,
Or grown-up babies? Cradle-dears
Are sweet indeed, yet sometimes sweeter
Our girls. Tell Maud I'd like to meet her.

THE BEAUTY OF SYMPATHY.

What gem hath dropp'd and sparkles o'er his chain?
The tear most sacred, shed for others' pain,
That starts at once bright pure from pity's mine,
Already polished by the Hand Divine.—BYRON.

Oh, where is the man that can live without friends?
You may rob one of limbs, you may blind him of light;
If he have but the friendship of God and of man,
He may revel in pleasures of purest delight.

There are hearts, many hearts, that are dark with despair;
They have no one to love them, no smile for cheer.

Earth yields them no charms, and the heaven above
  Is a frown and a menace, a desert most drear.

O for the soft touch of a warm loving hand!
  O for the sweet smile that is buckler and shield!
Ah! never, no never, will man understand
  The full rapture and triumph true friendship may
    yield.

THE BEAUTY OF A MERRY HEART.

Dedicated to Editor O. F. Rakestraw, of the Steuben Republican, Angola, Indiana.

Blest be those feasts with simple plenty crown'd,
Where all the ruddy family around
Laugh at the jest or pranks, that never fail,
Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale,
Or press the bashful stranger to his food,
And learn the luxury of doing good.—GOLDSMITH.

A merry heart, a merry home,
A place where angels gladly come,
Contrasted with the grumbler's hearth,
The very meanest spot on earth,
Seems like John Milton's paradise,
Or haven next to that which lies
Beyond life's sea by God's great shore
Where welcome ships need sail no more.

Such the retreat you call your own,
Where common sense sits on the throne,
And fancy weaves her merry wreaths
To crown each festal board and scene,
And from each heart good feeling breathes:
And makes for home a magic screen,
Admitting good and barring ill,
And frames its code to heaven's will.

To your good home, with merry tread,
My wandering footsteps oft are led:

And never have I come amiss
To catch the welcome words of bliss—
That loving ecstacy of joy
Which heaven inspires without alloy.

THE BEAUTY OF HOME LIFE.

There's a strange something, which without a brain,
Fools feel, and which e'en wise men can't explain,
Planted in man, to bind him to that earth,
In dearest ties, from whence he drew his birth.
—CHURCHILL.

Two great bruins, *bear* and *forbear*,
Will pay their keeping anywhere.
Before the family increase,
Get these two bears to keep the peace.

Despite the joys home life may bring,
And all that poets say or sing,
Home must be guarded with good sense,
And lots of cash to pay expense.

Let poverty, with meagre pate,
Just browse in front of home's sweet gate,
Or even lift its form to sight—
Love quickly plumes her wings for flight.

Not always so: one wife was true,
As finest gold earth ever knew.

She dreamed of heaven, yet would not share
Its bliss, were I not going there.

This Etta said, and went away.
I've mourned her absence many a day;
And heaven will be kind heaven to me,
When I the "loved and lost" shall see.

"A THING OF BEAUTY IS A JOY FOREVER".

The very society of joy redoubles it; so that, whilst it lights upon my friend it rebounds upon myself, and the brighter his candle burns, the more easily will it light mine.—SOUTHEY.

A joy, oh a joy forever,
Is the beautiful, true and good!
Why grasp for the fickle and fleeting?
They'd elude us if we should.

We reach for the things nearest to us,
Like the drowning man clutches the straw;
'Tis the mist and spray on the surface:
From the depths doth the pearl-diver draw.

We have drank from the cup of life's pleasures
In the freshness of youth-time's full joy;
And we found by the thorns of the morrow,
That the pleasures were mostly alloy.

Beware of the beauty that glitters
Like the serpent's eye charming the bird!

If you tarry too long, all is over,
And your cry of escape is not heard.

The longer you look at true beauty
The more like true beauty you'll be—
'Tis the law of our God-given nature:
We are most like the things we most see.

THE BEAUTY OF A QUIET LIFE.

(Written from my experience with Editor W. K. Sheffer, of the Angola, Indiana, Herald)

I knew a man of vision keen,
Of forceful life, but quiet mien;
He scorned obstreperousness, and yet
  Would fling keen sarcasms from his pen,
That kept the quills of writers wet,
  To fling rich sallies back again.
And all was done in merry mood:
For he was quiet, bright and good.

With moral evils he would cope,
Yet never worked without a hope;
Concerning things he could not change,
He gave to grumblers a free range;
In all the years we spent together,
I never heard him curse the weather.

One strange thing happened in his life;
His course was followed by his wife,
As quiet as himself could be,
And so were all the family.
And why, you ask me, when with such
Examples, do *you* talk so much?

THE BEAUTY OF NATURE.

To him who in the love of nature holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language; for his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty, and she glides
Into his darker musings, with a mild
And healing sympathy, that steals away
Their sharpness, ere he is aware.—BRYANT.

Fair nature in her darker mood,
Relieved by Cynthia's silvery light,
Seems more with hearts to sympathize,
Where darkness curtains visual sight.

I said to darkness, "Woe betide
My pathway if with thee I'm wed;
Two decades by the sunny side,
My steps have kept and kindly led!"

Full darkness reigns, yet like the moon
In nature's sky, God's own sweet smile
Cheers up my soul, keeps back the dark,
And lights the way to Him the while.

THE BEAUTY OF MOTHERHOOD.

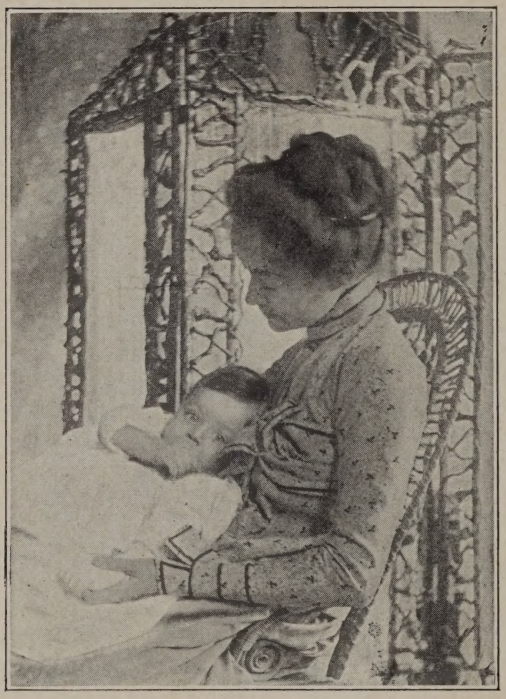
Youth fades; love droops; the leaves of friendship fall;
A mother's secret hope outlives them all.—HOLMES.

Were I to sing of holy love
Inspired of God, drawn from above,
I would not wander anywhere
Outside of home, to tune my lyre.
A mother's love and constant care
Is fitting theme for angel-choir;
Although by mortal pen expressed,
The theme might bear God's crucial test.

From room to room her labors run,
Not ceasing with the setting sun;
They reach the short hours of the night;
Her watchful eye and ear and mind
New duties every moment find:
Love lifts each burden with delight.
Her life is one long active prayer
For home and all who enter there.

That toy she always holds to view
With tender touch and deep drawn sigh—
It seems a worthless thing to you;
Why is it precious to her eye?
Because it speaks of a sweet child
Who came to her and could not stay;

Its smile her every care beguiled;
It smiled, and wept, and went away.
The baby-fingers clasped that toy,
And left the impress of their joy;
The heart of beauty love divines,
And reads the truth between the lines.



THE BEAUTY OF BENEVOLENCE.

To the St. James' Ten of Kings Daughters, of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, who 'In His Name,' are loyally striving to 'Look Forward and not Back—Look Out and not In—Look Up and not Down, and are ever ready to 'Lend a hand'; this work is gratefully dedicated by the author. —[Taken from Dedication to "WHERE DARK SHADOWS PLAY".]

"A helping hand to one in trouble is often like a switch on a railroad track, but an inch between wreck and smooth-rolling prosperity."—BEECHER.

(Lines inspired by the friendship of Frederick M. Fish.)

A broken wrist, a broken thigh;
No light of earth in either eye,
And body bruised beyond amends;
At such a time, in such a need,
I found you, Fred, the best of friends,
All worthy of the name, indeed.

The beauty of adversity
Lies in the thought, it seems to me,
That, though it strikes with a baleful hand,
From its effects we understand
Our true relations to mankind,
Which fortune's favorites never find.

Whoever wrongs the simplest thing,
Wrongs man or brute, will always bring
A double hurt to his own life;
And what is true of war and strife,
Is just as true of kindly deeds.
He who by clever art succeeds
By word or act, new hope to give,
Has taught his own heart how to live.

To each a star of hope is given,
To each a mission born of heaven;
If ever failure seemed to blight
A noble life and quench its light,
'Twas when deserted by his friends
The Son of Man in sorrow bends
To direful fate and hears the cry
Of Pharisees that doom is nigh.

While in that hour of strange defeat,
Where death and hell in triumph meet,
Where trembling earth and darkened sun
Proclaim that strife the field has won,
Hope, staggering, fled its firmament
When lo! with power and mercy blent
The spirit of the conquering cross
Shown forth undimmed by seeming loss.

THE BEAUTY OF PROVIDENCE.

Birds of the air have nests, but the Son of Man hath not where to lay His head.—Luke 9:58.

Birds have their nests. The Lord of Heaven
Abiding place to all hath given;
E'en the wee bird, at His behest
May rest secure, in its sweet nest.

Blest be the man who needs not roam
To find the comforts of "Sweet Home."
Yet, He who made the world once said
He had "not where to lay His head."

Christ dwells in all his children here,
And guides them to the brighter sphere;
Who gives them home, relieves their dearth,
Gives what the Master lacked on earth.

Press out and onward, "Friends of God",
Who bear His name, whose way Christ trod.
The scourge, the garden and the cross
Are crucibles that leave no dross.

Perchance a smoother path than He
Of Calvary trod, remains to thee.
Mayhap His cry of loneliness*
Will bring relief to thy distress.

We mortals share a common state,
Commingled joys and sorrows wait
Each footstep as it comes to view.
Brace up and do thy best.—Adieu.

---

* "My God: Why hath Thou forsaken me?"

THE BEAUTY OF RURAL LIFE.

(TO A FARMER'S INSTITUTE.)

Oh what a glory doth this world put on,
For him with a fervent heart goes forth,
Under the bright and glorious sky, and looks
On duties well performed and days well spent.
—LONGFELLOW.

Ye sons of toil with hands of brawn,
The sun nor moon ne'er lit upon
More toil-worn men than ye.
On closer view, ye have no brawn,
Ye have your cuffs and collars on—
All dressed like dudes, we see.

One speaker, subject, "Feeding Sheep,"
I urged myself, quite hard, to keep
A sort of sheepish look;

To fill his pockets full of wool,
And wear sheep's gray. He called me fool.
He would not bide a shepherd's crook.

Like A. C. Cooper, I fed sheep
In York State, where the snow is deep;
I chide him not—I was a fool
To say he ought to wear raw wool.

THE BEAUTY OF TRUE ELOQUENCE.

Preach the word; be instant in season, out of season; reprove rebuke, exhort with all long-suffering and doctrine. —II. Timothy, 4:2.

The beauty of true eloquence
Lies largely in the hearer's sense
And mental grasp; an angel's voice
Would fail to make some hearts rejoice.

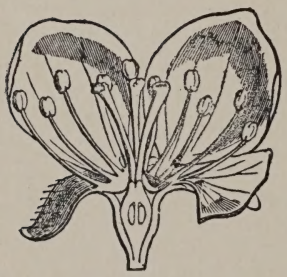
The eloquence that greeted Paul
Was Heaven-directed, and withal
Received by him as most profound;
His fellows heard but empty sound.

And there are cases without number,
Of large assemblies soothed to slumber
For want of air; the Saints forget
Their burdens then, nor feel regret.

Hidden Beauties.

Long services oft bring a blight:
St. Paul once labored half the night,
Then by a miracle restored
A young man whom late hours had floored.

Would you attain true eloquence,
First seek the realm of common sense:
Then don't start in without fresh air,
And don't be tedious anywhere.



THE BEAUTY OF SOCIAL LIFE.

Jennie kissed me when we met,
Jumping from the chair she sat in.
Time, you thief! who love to get
Sweets into your list, put that in!
Say I'm weary, say I'm sad,
Say that health and wealth have missed me;
Say I'm growing old, but add—
Jennie kissed me.—LEIGH HUNT.

(Inspired at a reception given by Editor W. K. Sheffer to the author and some of his friends.)

As we surveyed the wondrous fare
Of solid foods and dainties rare,
That made the table fairly groan,
And us some restless, we must own
(For fear the table could not stand),
We said no lord in all the land
Dined as the Sheffers do; 'twould shock
A man of common nerve to see
That mighty scheduled Plymouth Rock
Yield up his life, when he could share
But a small part of glory, there!

The social side, with better chance,
Made conversation fairly dance.

Sir Sheffer, in his brightest mood,
With wife and household all so good
At repartee, kept up the jest,
While Frank VanAuken, at his best,
And his good wife sailed in as well;
The Rakestraws all were there to tell
The funniest incidents they knew,
And, as you say, they were not few.

The music was divinely given
By children, emblems of that heaven
Of which the Saviour did declare:
Unlike them none may enter there.

There was no sentiment or gush;
  Refinement crowns this royal set.
My muse has struck, and I must hush;
  Good night to all; I'm glad we've met.

THE BEAUTY OF GIVING.

Posthumous charities are the very essence of selfishness when bequeathed by those who, when alive, would part with nothing.—COLTON.

To give, to do, to sacrifice,
Is more than many realize.
To give from an abundant store,
That wealth may come or fame may soar,
Is not the meaning of this gift.
Instead, we ought to yield our lives,
To give each cloud a sunny rift,
Assured by this: the more one strives
The greater will the mastery be,
And more of beauty will he see.

God's angels ministering are sent
To those who hear with kind assent,
And he who rightly understands
The mission of the angel bands,
Will gladly give his heart and life
To free the world of wrong and strife.

THE BEAUTY OF DOING.

No man is born into the world whose work is not born with him. There is always work, and tools to work withal, for those who will; and blessed are the horny hands of toil.—LOWELL.

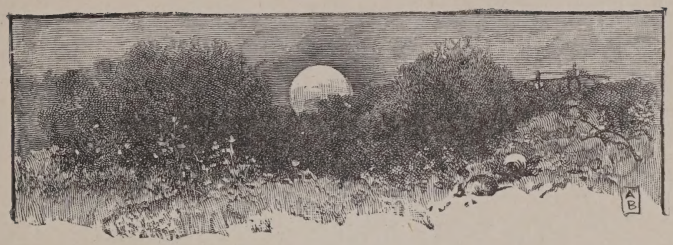
Learn to do; it is easily done.
The habit of doing, when fairly begun,
Means practical gettings and practical ends—
Health, wealth and long life; and it readily sends
The blues to the bats, where they justly belong.
'Tis the life of true beauty, 'tis the life of true song,
The forces creative which God has designed
To strengthen the body and strengthen the mind,

Since first the unalterable edict was read,
"In the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat thy bread."

The habit of doing, I will engage,
May be acquired at any age;
For age is not a matter of years,
It is more the matter of habit and will.
So work right along without doubtings or fears,
Death threatens them most who are aimless and still.

The world is looking for the people who do;
It has no use for a lazy man.
The world holds idle people to view,
Like the old maid thought, as the story ran:
She had, she said, a dog that growls,
A cat that hangs out nights and prowls,
A parrot that swears as loud as it can;
And she wonders what need she has of a man.

On a little reflection, you will doubtless decide
To be, like myself, on that proud maiden's side.
When some good, busy man shall meander that way,
That maiden will never, no, never, say nay.



THE BEAUTY OF OLD AGE.

Happily there exists more than one kind of beauty. There is the beauty of infancy, the beauty of youth, the beauty of maturity, and, believe me, ladies and gentlemen, the beauty of age.—G. A. SALES.

If beauty makes the human soul
  Its chief retreat and dwelling-place,
And simply takes a pleasure stroll
  Along the pathways of our race,
Lights up the human face divine
  And graces nature everywhere,
Its home of homes in human line
  Must be old age, sweet, sainted, fair.

To grow old gracefully, would seem
The wisest way to end life's dream:
Yet people mostly hate old age,
Despise its emblems, and engage
By use of hair-dyes and of paints,
To ward off age and its constraints.

Hidden Beauties.

A maiden of uncertain years
Said, "I am twenty-nine, and, dears,
I think that I am rather shy."
"Yes," said a fellow in reply,
"'Tis as you say: it just appears
That you are shy some twenty years."

The human life, like earth's great sun,
  May shine with undiminished light;
Through its high spheres, the journey done,
  Sinks golden into arms of night.

THE BEAUTY OF GOOD MANNERS.

Good breeding is the result of much good sense, some good nature, and a little self-denial for the sake of others, and with a view to obtain the same indulgence from others.—CHESTERFIELD.

One may be rigidly polite,
  Observe all rules of etiquette,
His voice and gestures most complete,
  And be far from good manners yet.

Some, like the hypocrite who steals
  God's livery to serve the Devil,
And every move they make for good
  Brings them in closer touch with evil.

Good manners mean repressing self,
  And holding other people dear;

It is all heart-work after all,
And gives to all good hearty cheer.

'Tis common sense which men complain
Is scarce to find beneath the sun;
'Tis not for sale, yet best of all,
By daily practice may be won.

THE BEAUTY OF RELATIONSHIP.

He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the great God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.
—SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

TO FRED G. FISH:

Hail, hearty friend of high estate,
Of manly methods, up-to-date;
I greet you with such cheer and dash,
As I would men with little cash.

For men are men and brothers, all,
Subject alike to stand or fall;

All from one God, the great first cause,
And judged at length by His just laws.

Then why ignore those who have wealth?
All do not get their gains by stealth;
We bring no wealth, take none away,
Our deeds alone bring fruits that stay.

THE BEAUTY OF ABSTEMIOUSNESS.

"Feed me with food convenient for me."—Prov. 30:8.

(Given by the author at the Quinquennial Reunion of Theadelphic Society, Hillsdale College, June, 1905.)

'Twas deemed convenient for the cook,
To gather up, by hook or crook,
Some light refreshments for this feast:
'Twould please our pocketbooks at least.

The Muses, hearing of the plan,
Would brook no slight from mortal man:
They swore, as Muses always swear,
The verse should with the food compare.

If Theadelphs with untold wealth
Could take their banquet as by stealth,
They'd let the chicken-eaters know,
They, too, economy could show.

The Theadelphs teach sacrifice,
And shun, perforce, rich cakes and pies.

Their food is plain, yet of the best,
And Sundays find them quite well dressed.

A bachelor society,
All dignified, as you can see:
Yet single life is not their boon,
They are married all—or will be, soon.

These men, off duty, cut their pranks—
They sing and dance like other ranks;
If pipe and fiddle they have none,
They lately bought a graphophone.

Hail, hearty friends, from everywhere;
We're rich in numbers, and the fare
Is better than at first intended,
And lo! the Muse's mood is mended.

Clouds contravene, the firmanent
Is dark at times with fierce intent;
Still, faith looks up and hope replies:
Wait, troubled heart, for sunnier skies.

Dear Angel Hope: Oh! where is he,
When ships go down midway life's sea?
When gloom, despondency, despair,
Wreck heart and brain, where is she, where?

THE BEAUTY OF TRUTH.

You need not tell all the truth, unless to those who have a right to know it; but let all you tell be truth.—HORACE MANN.

O long live the truth! the wise ancients would say;
O long live the truth! we re-echo today.
All liars love truth—that is, love it in others,
And they hate all the liars, though themelves are their brothers.

Like a pious old lady who called on her friend
To remind her that evening was appointed for prayer:
She said, "'Tis not easy for me to attend,
But I feel it my duty that you should be there."

THE BEAUTY OF LOVING.

They do not love, that do not show their love.—SHAKESPEARE.

I like my dog, I like my cat,
I like my toast, and all of that;
Yet when it comes to loving, then
I love my God and fellow men.
I love my fellow women, too,
As Deacon Homespun brought to view:
He said the brethren embraced
The sisters, too, as he had traced.
Love, boundless love, is, after all,
Readiest to hear an earnest call;
Is always near and always far,
Brightens our hope, and is the star
That guides, and comforts us as well,
To where eternal beauties dwell.

THE BEAUTY OF SONG LIFE.

"Here's a sigh to those who love me,
And a smile to those who hate:
And, whatever sky's above me,
Here's a heart for every fate!

Though the ocean roar around me,
Yet it still shall bear me on;
Though a desert should surround me,
It hath springs that may be won."—BYRON.

(Written by the author in grateful remembrance of Fanny Crosby's Introduction to "Hidden Beauties.")

Rich gift to us from Love Divine,
That tunes the harps of Angel Choirs;
Would that this answering heart of mine
Could sing one strain of its desires.

Still let me tell in humble plight
Of those fond years well spent with thee:
Though dazed and crazed by murdered sight,
I hated most life promised me.

My thanks are due; thy lines conveyed
  New hope and joy from God to me;
And though by darkness here betrayed,
  A beacon beams o'er life's dark sea.

Thou hast the gift of making friends,
  Or, like myself, the friends win thee;
And loving mankind makes amends
  For many ills that needs must be.

Sing on, dear friend, sing from the heart,
  "Rescue the perishing" assured—
The balm of song hath healing art,
  And Father knows what we've endured.

THE BEAUTY OF HOPE.

Hope, like the glimmering taper's light,
Adorns and cheers the way;
And still, as darker grows the night,
Emits a brighter ray.—GOLDSMITH.

I was down, away down, in the depths of despair,
And the demons of darkness not only were there,
But the snakes and the slime, all the deadly and dank—
Swept into the depths where I banefully sank.

A sweet vision of hope, the handmaiden of love,
Fresh-plumed from the garden of Eden above,
Came down to my state like the dove Noah sent;
Where hope and despair had commingled and blent,
Like a fond mother's smile, so did hope come to me:
And the grace of her beauty I evermore see.

FAREWELL TO THE MUSE.

Poetry has been to me its own exceeding great reward; it has given me the habit of wishing to discover the good and beautiful in all that meets and surrounds me.—S. T. COLERIDGE.

Farewell to the Muse who has kindly inspired me,
To write these few pages, while flat on my back.
No doubt there are some who will wish she had fired me
And given the book-making project a whack.

What boots it if one book more goes to life's battle
And fights for existence, as its author has done?
Earth is not yet packed, there is still room to rattle,
And each has a mission in life to be won.

So I send out my book, knowing some friend will buy it
Now and then in the journey—no failure, I'm sure;
Knowing also we never can tell till we try it
What amount of success a strong push may insure.

Books by Harvey A. Fuller.

"Trimsharp's Account of Himself."

"Stray Leaves (Twelve thousand sold)."

"Where Dark Shadows Play."

"The Old Settlers."

"Captain Bettes."

"Hidden Beauties."

The present volume, "Hidden Beauties," will be sent postpaid to any address for One Dollar per copy. H. A. FULLER, Hillsdale, Mich.

MY DEAR FRIEND FULLER:—

So much of pleasure, so much of inspiration, so much "uplift," I have found in the pages of "Where Dark Shadows Play." The shadows only emphasize the sunshine; there are no morbid tints in their coloring, and they have given tone and virility to your work and your life. Sincerely your friend,

ROBERT J. BURDETTE.

Bryn Mawr, Pa., Nov. 1, 1897.

Mr. Fuller's books have also brought him letters of commendation and encouragement from John G. Whittier, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Chief Justice Fuller, of the United States Supreme Court, Queen Victoria of England, and many others of note and influence.

Lectures by Harvey A. Fuller.

Subjects: — "Undercurrents of Every-Day Life;" "Trials By the Way;" "Elements of True Manhood;" "The Poetry of Life;" "Criminality of Intoxication;" "The Blossoms of Good Sense."

Chief Justice Joseph B. Moore, of the Michigan Supreme Court, writes:

"Supreme Court of the State of Michigan.
Lansing, Dec. 8, 1094.

"Harvey A. Fuller, Hillsdale, Mich.: My Dear Friend:

"It is a long time ago that I first met you as a student in Hillsdale College. Though blind, you with great cheerfulness and courage were pursuing your studies in that institution of learning. The same cheerfulness and courage, under very untoward circumstances, have led you to write words of hope and cheerfulness in musical rythm that have encouraged multitudes to right living. It has also led you to prepare lectures of much more than average ability, and to give them in such an effective way as to entertain as well as instruct your hearers. The value of your example in making the most of your opportunities is not to be measured.

"I am glad to know of your quick recovery from the serious accident which befell you. Mrs. Moore joins me in sending best wishes."

"Your friend,
(Signed) "JOSEPH B. MOORE."

Will Carleton, the poet, lecturer and editor, writes:

"I have known Harvey A. Fuller for a number of years, and have considered him a sound thinker, an interesting writer, and an effective speaker. His imagination can always be trusted to keep him from being prosaic and his good common sense always brings him down safely from the flights of fancy. He is withal a genial and pleasant companion, and imbued with the gentle courtesies of life."

Lecture committees desiring Mr. Fuller's services will please address either himself, at Hillsdale, Mich., or the Educational Register Co., Chicago, Boston or Cleveland.

Songs by Harvey A. Fuller.

"I Dreamed One Night."

"How Sad the Fate."

"I Excused Her."

"*All Is Not Lost."

*This song was referred to editorially by the "Morning Star" of Boston, Oct. 1st, 1903. Hon. George F. Mosher, LL.D., the editor, says:

"The versatility of Mr. Harvey A. Fuller, who pursued a full college course and graduated with honor from Hillsdale College, although blind, is shown by a piece of sheet music, of which he is the composer, set to the song, 'All is Not Lost', which he also wrote. Mr. Fuller has composed other music, and has written many songs and poems of real merit. The present production is rich in Mr. Fuller's cheerful and brave spirit, which is well expressed in a line of the song:

" 'Though I am blind let me not fear that light has faded from the earth.' "

The score was arranged by Prof. J. M. Thompson, Supervisor of Music in the Joliet (Ill.) public schools. The price of this sheet is 25 cents, and may be had of Mr. Fuller at Hillsdale, Mich.